CERTAIN BOKES OF VIRGILES

Aenæis turned into Engliſh meter
by the right honorable lorde,
Henry Earle of
Surrey.

Apud Ricardum Tottel.
Cum priuilegio ad impri
mendum ſolum.
1557.

Arch. G. f. 12 (2)

The gates caſt vp, we iſſued out to play,
The Grekiſh camp deſirous to behold,
The places void and the forſaken coſtes.
Here Pyrrhus band, there ſterne Achilles pight:
Here rode their ſhippes, there did their battells ioyne.
Aſtonnied ſome the ſcathefull gift beheld,
Behight vp vow vnto the chaſt Minerue:
All wondring at the hugeneſſe of the horſe,
And firſt of all Timoetes gan aduiſe,
Wythin the walles to leade and drawe the ſame,
And place it eke amidde the palace court:
Whether of guile, or Troyes fate it would.
Capys, wyth ſome of iudgement more diſcrete,
Wild it to drown, or vnderſet with flame
The ſuſpect preſent of the Greues deceit,
Or bore and gage the hollowe caues vncouth.
So diuerſe ranne the giddy peoples minde.
Loe formoſt of a rout, that followed him,
Kindled Laocoon haſted from the towre,
Crieng far of: O wretched citezens,
What ſo great kind of frenſie freteth you?
Deme ye the Grekes our enemies to be gone?
Or any Grekiſh giftes can you ſuppoſe
Deuoid of guile? Is ſo Vlyſſes knowne?
Either the Grekes ar in this timber hid:
Or this an engin is to anoy our walles,
To view our toures, and ouerwhelme our towne.
Here lurkes ſome craft. Good Troyans, geue no truſt
Vnto this horſe, for what ſo euer it be,
I dred the Grekes, yea when they offer gyftes.
And with that word, with all his force a dart
He launced then into that croked wombe:
Which tremling ſtack, and ſhoke within the ſides.
Wherwith the caues gan hollowly reſound.
And but for faites, and for our blind forecaſt,
The Grekes deuiſe and guile had he diſcried:
Troy yet had ſtand, and Priams toures ſo hie.
Therwyth behold, whereas the Phrigian herdes
Braught to the king, with clamor, all vnknown
A yongman, bound his handes behinde his back:
Whoe willingly had yelden priſoner,

To frame his guile, and open Tropes gates.
Unto the Grekes: with courage fully bent,
And minde determed either of the twaine,
To worke his feat, or willing yeld to death.
Here him, to gaze, the Tropan youth gan flock,
And straue whoe most might at the captiue scorne.
The Grekes deceit beholde, and by one prok
Imagine all the rest.
For in the preasse as he vnarmed stood,
Wyth troubled chere, and Phrigian routes beset,
Alas (quod he) what earth nowe, or what seas
May me receyue? Catif, what restes me nowe?
For whom in Grece both no abode remayne:
The Troians eke offended seke to wreke
Their hainous wrath wyth shedyng of my bloud.
With this regrete our hartes from rancor moued,
The brute appeasde we askte him of his birth,
What newes he brought, what hope made hym to yelde.
Then he (al dred remoued) thus begun.
O Kyng: I shall, what euer me betide,
Nay but the truth: ne first will me denie
A Grecian borne. for though fortune hath made
Sinon a wretche, she can not make him false.
If euer came vnto your eares the name
Noble by fame of the sage Palamede,
Whom traitrously the Grekes condemd to dye,
Guiltelesse by wrongfull dome, for that he dyd
Dyssuade the warres: whose death they nowe lament:
Vnderneth him my father bare of wealth
Into his band yong, and nere of his blood,
In my prime yeres vnto the war me sent.
While that by fate his state in stey did stand,
And when his realm did flourish by aduise,
Of glorie then we bare soon fame and brute.
But sins his death, by false Vlysses sleights
(I speak of things to all men wel beknown)
I dzerp life in doleful plaint I led,
Repining at my guiltelesse frendes mischaunce.
Ne could I fool refrein my tong from thretes:
That if my chaunce were euer to return
Victor to Argo, to followe my reuenge,

The gates caſt vp, we iſſued out to play,
The Grekiſh camp deſirous to behold,
The places void and the forſaken coſtes.
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A yongman, bound his handes behinde his back:
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And minde determed either of the twaine,
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Imagine all the rest.
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Alas (quod he) what earth nowe, or what seas
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For whom in Greece doth no a bode remayne:
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Dyssuade the warres: whose death they nowe lament:
Unto him my father bare of wealth
Into his band yong, and nere of his blood,
In my prime yeres vnto the war me sent.
While that by fate his state in stay did stand,
And when his realm did florish by aduise,
Of glorie then we bare som fame and brute.
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(I speak of things to all men wel beknown)
A dzery life in doleful plaint I led,
Repining at my guiltesse frends mischaunce.
Ne could I fool refrein my tong from threates:
That if my chaunce were euer to return
Victor to Arge, to solowe my reuenge,

With such sharp words procured I great hate,
Here sprang my harm. Ulysses euer sithe
With new found crimes began me to affray:
In common eares false rumors gan he sowe:
Weapons of wreke his gylty munde gan seke:
Ne rested ay, till he by Calchas meane.
But whereunto these thankelesse tales in vaine
Do I reherse, and lingre fourth the time?
In like estate if all the Grekes ye price:
It is enough ye here: rid me at ones.
Ulysses (Lord) how he wold this reioise?
Yea and either Atride would bye it dere.
This kindled vs more egre to enquire,
And to demaund the cause: without suspect
Of so great mischef thereby to ensue,
Or of Grekes craft. He then with forged words,
And quiuering limes, thus toke hys tale again.
The Grekes oft times entended their return,
From Troye town, with long warrs all ytired,
For to dislodge: which would god they had done.
But oft the winter stormes of raging seas,
And oft the boisteous winds did them to stay:
And chiefly when of clinched ribbes of firre
This hors was made, the stormes rored in the aire.
Then we in dout to Phebus temple sent
Euripilus, to wete the prophesye:
From whens he brought these woful news again:
With blood (O Grekes) and slaughter of a maid
Ye pleasd the winds, when first ye came to Troy:
With blood likewise ye must seke your return.
A Grekish soule must offred be therfore,
But when this sound had pearst the peoples eares,
With sodein fere astonied were their mindes,
The chilling cold did ouerrunne their bones,
To whom that fate was shapte, whom Phebus wold.
Ulysses then amid the preasse bringes in
Calchas with noyse, and wild him to discusse
The Gods intent. Then some gan deme to me
The cruell wrek of him that framde the craft:
Foreseing secretly what wold ensue.
In silence then, yshrowding him from sight

But

But dayes twise fiue he whisted, and refused
To death by speche to further any wight.
At last, as forced by false Vlysses crye,
Of purpose he brake fourth, assigning me
To the altar: whereto they graunted all:
And that, that erst eche one dred to himself,
Returned all vnto my wretched death.
And now at hand drew nere the woful day:
All things prepared wherwyth to offer me,
Salt, corne, fillets my temples for to bind.
I scapte the deth (I graunt) & brake ỹ bands,
And lurked in a marrise all the nyght,
Among the ooze, while they did set their sailes:
If it so be that they indede so dyd.
Now restes no hope my native land to see,
My childzen dere, nor long desired sire:
On whom parchaunce they shall wreke my escape:
Those harmlesse wights shal for my fault be slayn.
Then by the gods, to whom al truth is known:
By fayth vnfiled, if any any where
Wyth mortal folke remaines: I thee beseche
O King thereby, rue on my trauailgreat:
Pitie a wretch that giltlesse suffreth wrong.
Life to these teres, wyth pardon eke we graunt.
And Priam first himself commaundes to loose
His gyues, his bands: and frendly to him sayd.
Whoso thou art, learn to forget the Grekes.
Hencefourth be oures, and answere me with truth.
Wherto was wrought the masse of this huge horse?
Whoes the deuise? and wherto should it tend?
What holly vow? or engin for the warres?
Then he, instruct with wiles and Grekish craft,
His loosed hands lift vpward to the sterrs.
ye euerlasting lampes I testifye,
Whoes powr diuine may not be violate:
Thaltar, and swerd (quod he) that I haue scapt:
ye sacred bandes, I wore as pelden hoste:
Leful be it for me to breke mine othe
To Grekes, lefull to hate their nacion,
Lefull be it to sparcle in the ayre
Their secretts all, what soe they kepe in close.

For free am I from Grece, and from their lawes.
So be it, Troy, and saued by me from scathe,
Kepe faith with me, and stand to thy behest,
If I speake truth, and opening thinges of weight
For graunt of life requite thee large amendes.
The Grekes whole hope of vndertaken war,
In Pallas help consisted euermore.
But sith the time that wicked Diomede,
Vlysses eke that forger of all guile,
Aduenturde from the holly sacred fane
For to bereue dame Pallas fatall forme,
And slew the watches of the chefest toure,
And then away the holly statue stale,
That were so bold with handes embrued in blood,
The virgin Goddesse veiles for to defile:
Sith that, their hope gan faile, their hope to fall
Their powr appeir, their Goddesse grace withdraw.
Whych with no doutfull signes she did declare.
Scarce was the statue to our tentes ybrought,
But she gan stare with sparcled eyes of flame:
Along her limes the salt sweat trickled downe:
yea thrise her selfe (a hideous thinge to tell)
In glaunces bright she glittered from the ground,
Holding in hand her targe and quiuering spere.
Calchas by sea then bad vs haste our flight:
Whoes engins might not break the walles of Troy,
Vnlesse at Grece they wold renew their lottes,
Restore the god that they by sea had brought
In warped keles. To Arge sith they be come,
They pease their godds, and war afresh prepare:
And crosse the seas vnloked for ere tsones
They wil return. This order Calchas set.
This figure made they for thagreued god,
In Pallas stede, to clense their haynous fault,
Which masse he willed to be reared hye
Toward the skies, and ribbed all with oke:
So that your gates, ne wall might it receiue,
Ne yet your people might defensed be
By the good zele of old deuotion.
For if your hands did Pallas gift defile,
To Priams realm great mischef shold befall:

(Which

(Which fate the Gods firſt on him ſelf return)
But had your owne handes brought it in your town,
Aſie ſhould paſſe, and carrie offred warr
In Grece euen to the walles of Pelops town,
And we and ours that deſtenie endure.
By ſuch like wiles of Sinon the forſworne
His tale with vs did purchace credit: ſome
Trapt by deceite, ſome forced by his teres,
Whom neither Diomede, nor great Achille,
Nor ten yeres war, ne a thouſand ſaile could daunt.
Vis caitifes then a far more dredful chaunce
Befell, that troubled our vnarmed breſtes.
Whiles Laocon, that choſen was by lot
Neptunus prieſt, did ſacrifice a bull
Before the holy Altar, ſodenly
From Tenedon behold in circles great
By the calme ſeas come fletyng adders twaine,
Which plied towardes the ſhore (I lothe to tell)
With rered breſt lift vp aboue the ſeas:
Whoes bloody creſtes aloft the waues were ſeen:
The hinder parte ſwãme hidden in the flood:
Their griſly backes were linked manifold:
With ſound of broken waues they gate the ſtrand,
With gloing eyen, tainted with blood and fire:
Whoes waltring tongs did lick their hiſſing mouthes.
We fled away, our face the blood forſoke.
But they with gate direct to Lacon ran.
And firſt of all eche ſerpent doth enwrap
The bodies ſmall of his two tender ſonnes:
whoes wretched limes they byt, and fed theron.
Then raught they hym, who had his wepon caught
To reſcue them, twiſe winding him about,
with folded knottes, and circled tailes, his waſt.
Their ſcaled backes did compaſſe twiſe his neck,
Wyth rered heddes aloft, and ſtretched throtes.
He with his handes ſtraue to vnlooſe the knottes:
whoſe ſacred fillettes all be ſprinkled were
with filth of gory blod, and venim rank.
And to the ſterres ſuch dredfull ſhoutes he ſent,
Like to the ſound the roring bull fourth loowes,
which from the halter wounded doth aſtart,

The ſwarming are when he ſhakes from his neck.
The ſerpentes twine with haſted traile they glide
To Pallas temple, and her towres of heighte:
Under the feete of which the Goddeſſe ſtern,
Hidden behinde her targettes boſſe they crept.
Mew gripes of dred then pearſe our trembling breſtes.
They ſayd Lacons deſertes had derely bought
His hainous dede, that pearced had with ſteie
The ſacred bulk, and throwen the wicked launce:
The people cried with ſondry greeing ſhoutes,
To bring the horſe to Pallas temple vtiue,
In hope thereby the Goddeſſe wrath tappeaſe
We cleft the walles, and cloſures of the towne.
wherto all helpe, and vnderſet the feet
with ſliding rolles, and bound his neck with ropes.
This fatall gin thus ouerclambe our walles,
Stuft with armd men: about the which there ran
Children, and maides, that holly carolles ſang.
And well were they whoes hands might touch the cordes.
with thretning chere thus ſlided through our town
The ſubtil tree, to Pallas temple ward:
O natiue land, Ilion, and of the Goddes
The manſion place. O warrlik walles of Troy.
Fowr times it ſtopt in thentrie of our gate:
Fowrtimes the harneſſe clattred in the womb.
But we goe on, vnſound of memorie,
And blinded eke by rage perſeuer ſtill.
This fatal monſter in the fane we place
Caſſandra then, wiſpired with Phebus ſpirite,
Her prophetes lippes yet neuer of vs leeued
Diſcloſed eft, foreſpeking thinges to come.
we wretches loe, that laſt day of our life,
with bowes of feſt the town, and temples deck.
With this the ſkie gan whurle about the ſphere:
The cloudy night gan thicken from the ſea,
With mantells ſpred that cloked earth, and ſkies,
And eke the treaſon of the Grekiſh guile.
The watchemen lay diſperſt, to take their reſt,
Whoes werried limes ſound ſlepe had then oppreſt:
when well in order comes the Grecian fleet,
From Tenedon toward the coſtes well knowne,

By frendly silence of the quiet moone.
When the Kinges ship put fourth his mark of fire,
Sinon, preserued by froward destinie,
Let fouth the Grekes enclosed in the womb,
The closures eke of pine by stealth vnpind.
whereby the Grekes restored were to aire,
With ioy down hasting from the hollow tree.
with cordes let down did slide vnto the ground
The great captaines, Sthenel, and Thelander,
The fierce Ulisses, Athamas and Thoas,
Machaon first, and then King Menolae,
Opeas eke that did the engin forge.
By cordes let fal fast gan they slide adown:
And streight inuade the town yburied then
With wine, and slepe. And first the watch is slain,
Then gates vnfold to let their fellowes in.
They ioyne them selues with the coniured bandes.
It was the time, when graunted from the godds
The first slepe crepes most swete in wery folk.
Loe in my dreame before mine eies, me thought,
with rufull chere I sawe where Hector stood:
Out of whoes eies there gushed streames of teares,
Drawn at a cart as he of late had be:
Distained with bloody dust, whoes feet were bowed
With the streight cordes wherwith they haled him.
Ay me. what one: that Hector how vnlike,
which erst returnd clad with Achilles spoiles:
Or when he threw into the Grekish shippes
The Troian flame: So was his beard defiled.
His crisped lockes al clustred with his bloods
With all such wounds, as many he receiued
About the walls of that his native town.
Whome franckly thus, me thought, I spake vnto,
With bitter teres and dolefull deadly voice,
O Troyan light, O only hope of thine:
what lettes so long thee staid: or from what coastes,
Our most desired Hector, doest thou come:
Whom after slaughter of thy many frends,
And trauail of the people, and thy town,
Allweried (lord) how gladly we behold.
What sory chaunce hath staind thy lucely face?

Or why see I these woundes (alas) so wide?
He answeard nought, nor in my vain demaundes
Abode: but from the bottom of his brest
Sighing he sayd: flee, flee, O Goddesse son,
And saue thee from the furie of this flame.
Our enmies now ar maisters of the walles:
And Troye town now falleth from the top.
Sufficeth that is done for Priams reigne.
If force might serue to succor Troye town,
This right hand well mought haue ben her defense.
But Troye now commendeth to thy charge
Her holy reliques, and her priuy Gods.
Them ioyne to thee, as felowes of thy fate.
Large walles rere thow for them. For so thou shalt,
After time spent in thouerwandred flood.
This sayd, he brought fourth Vesta in his hands,
Her fillettes eke, and euerlasting flame.
In this meane while with diuerse plaint the town
Throughout was spred: and lowder more and more
The din resoumed: with rattling of armes
(Although mine old father Anchises house
Remoued stood, with shadow hid of trees)
I waked: therwith to the house top I clambe,
And harkning stood I: like as when the flame
Lightes in the corne, by drift of boisterous winde:
Or the swift stream, that driueth from the hill,
Rootes vp the feldes, and presseth the ripe corne,
And plowed ground, and ouerwhelmes the grone,
The silly herdman all astonnied standes,
From the hye rock while he doth here the sound.
Then the Grekes faith, then their deceit appered.
Of Deiphobus the palace large and great
Fell to the ground, all ouerspred with flash.
His next neighbour Vlcalegon afire:
The Sygean seas did glister all with flame.
Vpsprang the crye of men, and trompetts blast.
Then as distraught I did my armure on:
Ne could I tell yet whereto armes auailde.
But with our feres to throng out from the preasse
Toward the toure our hartes brent with desire:
Wrath prickt vs fourth: and vnto vs it semed

A semely

A semely thing to dye armd in the feld.
Wherwith Panthus, scapte from the Grekish dartes,
Otreus sonne, Phebus preist, brought in hand
The sacred reliques, and the vanquisht Gods:
And in his hand his litle nephew led.
And thus as phrentik to our gates he ran:
Panthus (quod I) in what estate stand we?
Or for refuge what forstresse shall we take?
Scarse spake I this: when wailing thus he sayd.
The later day and fate of Troy is come,
The which no plaint or prayer may auaile.
Troyans we were, and Troye was somtime,
And of great fame the Teucrian glorie erst:
Fierce Ioue to Greece hath now transposed all.
The Grekes ar Lords ouer this fired town.
Yonder huge horse, that stands amid our walles,
Sheds armed men. And Sinon victor now,
With scorne of vs, both set all things on flame.
And rushed in at our vnfolded gates
Are thousands moe, than euer came from Greece.
And some with weapons watch the narrow stretes,
With bright swerdes drawn to slaughter redy bent.
And scarse the watches of the gate began
Them to defend, and with blinde fight resist.
Through Panthus words, & lightning of the Gods,
Amid the flame and armes ran I in preasse:
As furie guided me, and wher as I had heard
The crye greatest, that made the ayre resound.
Into our band then fell old Iphytus,
And Rypheus, that met vs by moonelight.
Dymas and Hypanis ioyning to our side,
With yong Chorebus Mygdonius son:
Which in those dayes at Troye did arriue
Burning with rage of dame Cassandraes loue,
In Priams ayd and rescue of his town:
Unhappy he that wold no credit geue
Unto his spouses woords of prophecie.
Whom when I saw assembled in such wise,
So desperatly the battail to desire:
Then furthermore thus sayd I vnto them.
O ye yongmen of courage stout in vaine:

For:

For nought ye ſtriue to ſaue the burning town.
What cruel fortune hath betid, ye ſee.
The Gods out of the temples all ar fled,
Through whoes might long this empire was mainteind:
Their altares eke are left both waſt and voyd.
But if your will be bent with me to proue
That vttermoſt, that now may vs befall:
Then let vs dye, and runne amid our foes.
To vanquiſht folk deſpeir is only hope.
With this the youngmens courage did encreaſe:
And through the dark, like to the rauening wolues,
Whom raging furie of their empty mawes
Driues from their den, leauing with hungry throtes
Their whelpes behinde, among our foes we ran,
Upon their ſwerdes vnto apparant death,
Holding alway the chiefe ſtrete of the town,
Couerd with the cloſe ſhadowes of the night.
Who can expreſſe the ſlaughter of that night?
Or tell the nomber of the corpſes ſlaine?
Or can in teres bewaile them worthely?
The auncient famous citie falleth down,
That many yeres did hold ſuch ſeignorie.
With ſenſleſſe bodies euery ſtrete is ſpred,
Eche palace, and ſacred porch of the Gods.
Nor yet alone the Troyan blood was shed.
Manhod oft times into the vanquiſht brest
Returnes, wherby ſome victors Grekes ar ſlain.
Cruel complaintes, and terror euery where,
And plentie of griſly pictures of death.
And firſt with vs Androgeus there met,
Followed with a ſwarming rout of Grekes:
Deming vs, vnware, of that feloſhip:
With frendly words whom thus he ſaid vnto.
Haſt ye my frendes: what ſlouth hath taried yowe
Your feers now ſack, and ſpoile the burning Troy,
From the tall ſhips where ye but newly come.
When he had ſayd, and heard no anſwer made
To him againe wherto he might geue truſt:
Finding himſelf chaunced amid his foes,
Wayde he withdrew his foote back with his word:
Like him that, wandring in the buſhes thick,

Treden

Treades on the adder with his reckleſſe foote,
Kered for wrath ſwelling her ſpeckled neck.
Diſmayd, geues back al ſodenly for fere.
Androgeus ſo feard of that ſight ſtept back.
And we gan ruſh amid the thickeſt rout:
When here and there we did them ouerthrow,
Striken with dred, vnſkilfull of the place.
Our firſt labor thus lucked well with vs.
Chorebus then encouraged by his chaunce,
Reioyſing ſayd: Hold fourth the way of health
(My feers) that hap, and manhod hath vs taught.
Change we our ſhields: the Grekes armes do we on,
Craft, or manhod, with foes what reckes it which.
The ſlaine to vs their armure they ſhall yeld.
And with that word Androgeus creſted helme,
And the rich armes of his ſhield did he on:
A Grecish ſwerd he girded by his ſide.)
Like gladly Dimas and Rypheus did.
The whole youth gan them clad in the new ſpoiles.
Mingled with Grekes for no good luck to vs
we went, and gaue many onſets that night.
And many a Greke we ſent to Plutoes court.
Other there fled and haſted to their ſhips,
And to their coſtes of ſauegard ran againe.
And ſome there were, for ſhamefull cowardzie,
Clambe vp againe vnto the hugie horſe,
And did them hide in his welknowen womb.
Ay me, booteleſſe it is for any whight
To hope on ought, againſt will of the Gods.
Loe where Caſſandra, Priams daughter dere,
From Pallas chirch was drawn with ſparkled treſſe,
Lifting in vain her flaming eyen to heuen:
Her eyen: for faſt her tender wreſtes were bound.
Which ſight Chorebus raging could not bere,
Reckleſſe of death: but thruſt amid the throng:
And after we through thickeſt of the ſwerdes.
Here were we firſt ybatred with the dartes
Of our owne feers, from the hye temples top,
wherby of vs grete ſlaughter did enſue,
Miſtaken by our Grekiſh armes and creſtes.
Then flockt the Grekes, moued with wrath, and ire

Of the Virgin from them ſo reſcued:
The full Aiax, and either Atrides,
And the great band cleped the Dolopes.
As wraſtling windes, out of diſperſed whirl,
Beſight themſelues, the weſt with ſouthern blaſt,
And gladſom Eaſt proud of Auroraes horſe,
The woods do whiz: and ſomy Nereus,
Raging in furie with threeforked mace
From bottoms depth doth weltre vp ye ſeas:
So came the Grekes. And ſuch, as by deceit
We ſparkled erſt in ſhadow of the night,
And draue about our town, appered firſt.
Our famed ſhields and wepons then they found,
And by ſound our diſcording voice they knew.
We went to wreck, with nōber ouerlayd.
And by the hand of Peneleus firſt
Chorebus fel before the altar dead
Of armed Pallas, and Rypheus eke,
The iuſteſt man among the Troians all,
And he that beſt obſerued equitie.
But otherwyſe it pleaſed now the Gods.
There Hipanis, and Dimas both were ſlaine,
Throughpearced with the weapons of their fee.
Nor thee, Panthus, when thou waſt ouerthrown,
Pitie, nor zele of good deuotion,
Nor habit yet of Phebus hid from ſcathe.
Ye Troyan aſhes, and laſt flames of mine,
I cal in witneſſe, that at your laſt fall
I fled no ſtroke of any Grekiſh ſwerd:
And if the fates wold I had fallen in fight,
That with my hand I did deſerue it wel.
With this from thenſe I was recoiled back,
With Iphytus, and Pelias alone,
Iphytus weke and feble all for age,
Pelias lamed by Ulyſſez hand.
To Priams palace cry did cal vs then.
Here was the fight right hideous to behold.
As though there had no battail ben but there,
Or ſlaughter made els where throughout the town,
A fight of rage and furie there we ſaw,

The

The Grekes toward the palace rushed fast,
And couerd with engines the gates beset,
And rered vp ladders against the walles,
Under the windowes scaling by their steppes,
Fenced with sheldes in their left hands, wheron
They did receiue the dartes, while their righthands
Griped for hold thembatel of the wall.
The Troyans on the tother part rend down
The turrets hye, and eke the palace roofe:
With such weapons they shope them to defend,
Seing al last, now at the point of death.
The gilt sparres, and the beames then threw they down,
Of old fathers the proud and royal workes.
And with drawn swerds some did beset the gates,
Which they did watch and kepe in routes full thick.
Our spirites restorde to rescue the kings house,
To help them, and to geue the vanquisht strength.
A postern with a blinde wicket there was,
A common trade to passe through Priams house:
On the backside wherof wast houses stood.
Which way ertsithes, while that our kingdome dured,
Thinfortunate Andromache alone
Resorted to the parentes of her make,
With yong Astyanax his grandsire to see.
Here passed I vp to the hyest toure,
From whense the wretched Troyans did throw down
Dartes spent in wast. Vnto a turret then
We stept: the which stood in a place aloft,
The top wherof did reache wellnere the sterres,
Where we were wont all Troye to behold,
The Grekish naue, and their tentes also.
With instrumentes of iron gan we pick,
To seke where we might finde the ioyning shronk
From that high seat: which we rased, and threw down.
Which falling gaue fourthwith a rushing sound,
And large in breadth on Grekish routes it light.
But sone an other sort stept in theyr stede.
No stone vnthrown, nor yet no dart vncast
Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, in the porche,
Reioysing in his dartes, with glittring armes,
Like to the adder with venimous herbes fed,

Whom cold winter all boine hid vnder ground,
And ſhining bright when ſhe her ſlough had ſlong
Her ſlipper back doth rowle with forked tong,
And raiſed breſt, lift vp againſt the ſun.
With that together came great Periphas,
Automedon eke that guided had ſomtime
Achilles horſe, now Pyrrhus armure bare.
And eke with him the warlike Scyrian youth
Aſſayld the houſe, and threw flame to the top.
And he an axe before the formeſt raught:
Wherwith he gan the ſtrong gates hew, and break.
From whens he bet the ſtaples out of braſſe:
He brake the barres, and through the timber pearſt
So large a hole, whereby they might diſcerne
The houſe, the court, and ſecret chambers eke
Of Priamus, and auncient kings of Troy,
And armed foes in thentrie of the gate.
But the palace within confounded was
With wayling, and with rufull ſhrikes and cryes.
The hollow halles did howle of womens plaint.
The clamor ſtrake vp to the golden ſterres.
The frayd mothers, wandring through the wide houſe,
Embracing pillers, did them hold and kiſſe.
Pyrrhus aſſaileth with his fathers might,
Whom the cloſures ne kepers might hold out.
With often puſhed ram the gate did ſhake.
The poſtes beat down remoued from their hookes.
By force they made the way, and thentrie brake.
And now the Grekes iet in, the formeſt ſlew:
And the large palace with ſoldiars gan to fill.
Not ſo fercely doth ouerflow the feldes
The foming flood, that brekes out of his bankes:
Whoes rage of waters beares away what heapes
Stand in his way, the coates, and eke the herdes:
As in thentrie of ſlaughter furious
I ſaw Pyrrhus, and either Atrides.
There Hecuba I ſaw with a hundred moe
Of her ſons wyues, and Priam at the altar,
Sprinkling with blood his flame of ſacrifice.
Fifty bedchambers of his childrens wyues,
With loſſe of ſo great hope of his offpring.

The pillers eke proudly beset with gold,
And with the spoiles of other nations,
Fell to the ground: and whatso that with flame
Untouched was, the Grekes did all possesse.
Parcase yow wold ask what was Priams fate.
When of his taken town he saw the chaunce,
And the gates of his palace beaten down,
His foes amid his secret chambers eke:
Thold man in vaine did on his sholders then,
Trembling for age, his curace long disused:
His bootelesse swerd he girded him about:
And ran amid his foes, redy to dye.
Amid the court vnder the heuen all bare
A great altar there stood, by which there grew
An old laurel tree bowing therunto,
Which with his shadow did embrace the Gods.
Here Hecuba, with her yong daughters all,
About the altar swarmed were in vaine:
Like Doues, that flock together in the storme:
The statues of the Gods embracing fast.
But when she saw Priam had taken there
His armure, like as though he had ben yong:
What furious thought, my wretched spouse, (quod she)
Did moue thee now such wepons for to weld?
Why hastest thow? This time doth not require
Such succor, ne yet such defenders now.
No, though Hector my son were here againe,
Come hether: this altar shall saue vs all:
Or we shall dye together. Thus she sayd.
Wherwith she drew him back to her, and set
The aged man down in the holy seat.
But loe Polites, one of Priams sons,
Escaped from the slaughter of Pyrrhus,
Comes fleing through the wepons of his foes,
Searching all wounded the long galleries.
And the voyd courtes: whom Pyrrhus all in rage
Followed fast, to reache a mortal wound:
And now in hand wellnere strikes with his spere.
Who fleing fourth, till he came now in sight
Of his parentes, before their face fell down,
yelding the ghost, with flowing streames of blood.

Priamus then, although he were half ded,
Might not kepe in his wrath, nor yet his wordes:
But cryeth out: for this thy wicked work,
And boldneſſe eke ſuch thing to enterprize,
If in the heauens any iuſtice be,
That of ſuch things takes any care or kepe,
According thankes the Gods may yeld to thee,
And ſend thee eke thy iuſt deſerued hyre,
That made me ſee the ſlaughter of my childe,
And with his blood defile the fathers face.
But he, by whom thow fainſt thy ſelf begot,
Achilles was to Priam not ſo ſtern.
For loe he, tendring my moſt humble ſute,
The right, and faith, my Hectors bloodleſſe corps
Rendred, for to be layd in ſepulture,
And ſent me to my kingdome home againe.
Thus ſayd the aged man: and therewithall
Forceleſſe he caſt his weake vnweldy dart.
Which repulſt from the braſſe, where it gaue dint,
Without ſound hong vainly in the ſhieldes boſſe.
Quod Pyrrhus, then thow ſhalt this thing report.
On meſſage to Pelide my father go:
Shew vnto him my cruel dedes, and how
Neoptolem is ſwarued out of kinde.
Now ſhalt thou dye, quod he. And with that word
At the altar him trembling gan he draw,
Wallowing through the bloodſhed of his ſon:
And his lefthand all claſped in his heare,
With his right arme drewe fourth his ſhining ſword,
Which in his ſide he thruſt vp to the hilts.
Of Priamus this was the fatal fine,
The wofull end that was alotted him.
When he had ſeen his palace all on flame,
With ruine of his Troyan turrets eke,
That royal prince of Aſie, which of late
Reigned ouer ſo many peoples and realmes,
Like a great ſtock now lieth on the ſhore:
His hed and ſholders parted ben in twaine:
A body now without renome, and fame.
Then firſt in me entred the griſly feare.
Diſmayd I was. Wherwith came to my minde

The image eke of my dere father, when
I thus beheld the king of equal age
yeld vp the spryte with wounds so cruelly.
Then thought I of Creusa left alone:
And of my house in danger of the spoile:
And the estate of yong Iulus eke.
I looked back to leke what nomber then
I might discern about me of my feeres.
But wery they had left me all alone.
Some to the ground were lopen from aboue:
Some in the flame their irked bodies cast.
There was no moe but I left of them all:
when that I saw in Vestaes temple sit
Dame Helen, lurking in a secret place:
(Such light the flame did giue as I went by,
while here and there I cast mine eyen about)
For she in dred, least that the Troians shold
Reuenge on her the ruine of their walles,
And of the Grekes the cruel wrekes also,
The furie eke of her forsaken make,
The common bane of Troy, and eke of Grece,
Hateful she sate beside the altars hid.
Then boyld my brest with flame, and burning wrath,
To reuenge my town vnto such ruine brought.
with worthy peines on her to work my will.
Thought I: Shall she passe to the land of Spart
All safe, and see Mycene her natiue land,
And like a Quene returne with victorie
Home to her spouse, her parentes, and children,
Folowed with a traine of Troyan maides,
And serued with a band of Phrygian slaues,
And Priam eke with iron murdred thus,
And Troy town consumed all with flame,
Whoes shore hath ben so oft forbathed in blood?
No no: for though on wemen the reuenge
Vnsemely is, such conquest hath no fame:
To geue an end vnto such mischief yet
My iust reuenge shal merit worthy praise,
And quiet eke my minde, for to be wroke
On her which was the causer of this flame,
And satisfie the cinder of my feers.

With furious minde while I did argue thus,
My blessed mother then appeard to me,
Whom erst so bright mine eyes had neuer seen,
And with pure light she glistred in the night,
Disclosing her in forme a Goddesse like,
As she doth seme to such as dwell in heuen.
My right hand then she toke, and held it fast,
And with her rosie lips thus did she say.
Son, what furie hath thus prouoked thee
To such vntamed wrath? what ragest thow?
Or where is now become the care of vs?
Wilt thow not first go see where thow hast left
Anchises thy father fordone with age?
Doth Creusa liue, and Ascanius thy son?
Whom now the Grekish bands haue round beset:
And, were they not defensed by my cure,
Flame had them raught and enmies swerd ere this.
Not Helens beautie hatefull vnto thee,
Nor blamed Paris yet, but the Gods wrath
Reft pow this wealth, and ouerthrew pour town.
Behold (and I shall now the cloude remoue,
Which ouercast thy mortal sight doth dim,
Whoes moisture doth obscure allthinges about:
And fere not thow to do thy mothers will,
Nor her aduise refuse thow to performe.)
Here where thow seest the turrets ouerthrown,
Stone bet from stone, smoke rising mixt with dust,
Neptunus there shakes with his mace the walles,
And eke the loose foundations of the same,
And ouerwhelms the whole town from his seat:
And cruell Juno with the formest here
Doth kepe the gate that Scea cleped is,
Here wood for wrath, whereas she standes, and calls
In harnesse bright the Grekes out of their ships.
And in the turrets hye behold where standes
Bright shining Pallas, all in warlike wede,
And with her shield where Gorgons hed apperes:
And Jupiter my father distributes
Auayling strength, and courage to the Grekes.
yet ouermore, against the Troyan powr,
He doth prouoke the rest of all the Gods.

Flee

Flee then my son, and geue this trauail end.
Ne shall I thee forsake, in sauegard till
I haue thee brought vnto thy fathers gate.
This did she say: and therwith gan she hide
Her self in shadow of the close night.
Then dredfull figures gan appere to me,
And great Gods eke agreued with our town.
I saw Troye fall down in burning gledes,
Neptunus town clene razed from the soil:
Like as the elm forgrown in mountaines hye,
Round hewen with axe, that husbandmen
With thick assaultes striue to teare vp, doth threat.
And hackt beneath trembling doth bend his top,
Till pold with strokes, geuing the latter crack,
Rent from the heighth, with ruine it doth fall.
With this I went, and guided by a God
I passed through my foes, and eke the flame:
Their wepons, and the fire eke gaue me place.
And when that I was come before the gates,
And auncient building of my fathers house:
My father, whom I hoped to conuey.
To the next hils, and did him thearto treat,
Refused either to prolong his life,
Or bide exile after the fall of Troy.
All ye (quod he) in whom yong blood is fresh,
whose strength remaines entier and in full powr,
Take ye your flight.
For if the Gods my life wold haue proroged,
They had reserued for me this wanning place.
It was enough (alas) and eke to much,
To see the town of Troy thus razed ones,
To haue liued after the citee taken.
When ye haue sayd, this corps layd out forsake.
My hand shall seke my death, and pitie shal
Mine ennmies moue, or eis hope of my spoile.
As for my graue, I wey the losse but light:
For I my peres disdainfull to the Gods
Haue lingred fourth, vnable to all nedes,
Sins that the sire of Gods and king of men
Strake me with thonder, and with leuening blast.
Such things he gan reherse, thus furnly bent.

But we beſprent with teres, my tender ſon,
And eke my ſwete Creuſa, with the reſt
Of the houſhold, my father gan beſeche,
Not ſo with him to periſh all at ones,
Nor ſo to yeld vnto the cruel fate.
Which he refuſed, and ſtack to his entent.
Driuen I was to harneſſe then againe,
Miſerably my death for to deſire.
For what aduiſe or other hope was left?
Father, thoughtſt thow that I may ones remoue
(Quod I) a foote, and leaue thee here behinde?
May ſuch a wrong paſſe from a fathers mouth?
If Gods will be, that nothing here be ſaued
Of this great town, and thy minde bent to ioyne
Both thee and thine to ruine of this town:
The way is plaine this death for to attcine.
Pyrrhus ſhall come beſprent with Priams blood,
That gored the ſon before the fathers face,
And ſlew the father at the altar eke.
O ſacred mother was it then for this,
That you me led through flame and wepons ſharp,
That I might in my ſecret chaumber ſee
Mine enmies: and Aſcanius my ſon,
My father, with Creuſa my ſwete wife,
Murdred alas the one in thothers blood?
Why ſeruants then, bring me my armes againe.
The latter day vs vanquiſhed doth call.
Render me now to the Grekes ſight againe:
And let me ſee the fight begon of new.
We ſhall not all vnwroken dye this day.
About me then I girt my ſwerd again,
And eke my ſhield on my left ſholder caſt,
And bent me ſo to ruſh out of the houſe.
Lo in my gate my ſpouſe claſping my feet,
Foregainſt his father yong Iulus ſet.
If thow wilt go (quod ſhe) and ſpill thy ſelf,
Take vs with thee in all that may betide.
But as expert if thow in armes haue ſet
Yet any hope, then firſt this houſe defend,
Whearas thy ſon, and eke thy father dere,
And I ſomtime thine owne dere wife, ar left.

Her

Her shrill loud voice with plaint thus filld the houſe,
When that a ſodein monſtrous maruel fell.
For in their ſight, and woefull parents armes,
Behold a light out of the butten ſprang
That in tip of Iulus cap did ſtand:
With gentle touch whoes harmleſſe flame did ſhine,
Vpon his heare, about his temples ſpred.
And we afraid trembling for dredfull fere
bet out the fire from his blaſing treſſe,
And with water gan quench the ſacred flame.
Anchiſes glad his eyen lift to the ſterres:
With handes his voice to heauen thus he bent.
If by praier, (almighty Iupiter),
Inclined thou mayſt be, beholde vs then
Of ruth: at leaſt if we ſo much deſerue.
Graunt eke thine ayd father, confirm this thing.
Scarſe had the old man ſaid, when that the heuens
With ſodein noiſe thondred on the left hand.
Out of the ſkie by the dark night there fell
A blaſing ſterre, dragging a brand or flame:
Which with much light gliding on the houſe top
In the foreſt of Ida hid her beames.
The which full bright cendleing a furrow ſhone,
By a long tract appointing vs the way.
And round about of brimſtone roſe a fume.
My father vanquiſt, then beheld the ſkies,
Spake to the Gods, and holly ſterre adored
Now, now (quod he) no longer I abide.
Felow I ſhall where ye me guide at hand.
O natiue Gods, your familie defend
Preſerue your liue. this warning comes of you,
And Troy ſtands in your protection now
Now geue I place, and wherſo that thou goe
Refuſe I not my ſonne, to be thy feer.
This did he ſay: and by that time more clere
The cracking flame was heard throughout the walles,
And more and more the burning heat drew nere.
Why then haue done, my father dere, (quod I)
Beſtride my neck fourthwith, and ſit theron,
And I ſhal with my ſholders thee ſuſteine;
Ne ſhal this labor do me any dere.

What so betide, come perill, come welfare,
Like to vs both and common there shal be,
Yong Iulus shall beare me company:
And my wife shal follow far of my steppes,
Now ye my seruantes, mark well what I say.
Without the town ye shall find, on an hill
An old temple there, standes wheras somtime
Worshipp was don to Ceres the Goddesse.
Wilde which growes an aged cipresse tree,
Preserued long by our forefathers zele.
Behind which place let vs together mete.
And thou father receiue into thy handes
The reliques all, and the Gods of the land:
The which it were not lawfull I should touch,
That come but late from slaughter and bloodshed,
Till I be washed in the running flood.
When I had sayd these wordes, my sholders brode,
And laied neck with garmentes gan I spred,
And theron cast a yellow lions skin,
And therupon my burden I receiue.
Yong Iulus, clasped in my right hand,
Followeth me fast with vnegal pace:
And at my back my wife. Thus did we passe,
By places shadowed most with the night.
And me, whom late the dart which enemies threw,
Nor preasse of Argiue routes could make amazde,
Eche whispring wind hath power now to fray,
And euery sound to moue my doutfull mind:
So much I dred my burden, and my feer,
And now we gan draw nere vnto the gate,
Right well escapte the daunger, as me thought:
When that at hand a sound of feet we heard.
My father then, gazing throughout the dark,
Cried on me: flee, son: they ar at hand.
With that bright sheldes, and shene armours I saw,
But then I knowe not what vnfrendly God
My troubled wit from me biraft for fere.
For while I can by the most secret stretes,
Eschuing still the common haunted track,
From me catif alas bereued was
Creusa then my spouse, I wote not how:

Whe-

Whether by fate, or milling of the way,
Or that she was by wemesse reteind.
But neuer sithe these eies might her behold:
Nor did I yet perceiue that she was lost:
Ne neuer backward turned I my mind,
Till we came to the hill, whereas there stood
The old temple dedicate to Ceres.
And when that we were there assembled all,
She was only away, deceiuing vs
Her spouse, her son, and all her dompainie.
What God, or man did I not then accuse,
Here wood for ire: or what more cruell chaunce
Did hap to me, in all Troies ouerthrowe:
Ascanius to my feeres I then betoke,
With Anchises and eke the Troian Gods,
And left them hid within a valley depe.
And to the town I gan me hye againe,
Clad in bright armes, and bent for to renew
Auentures past, to search throughout the town,
And yeld my hed to perils ones againe,
And first the walles and dark entrie I sought
Of the same gate, wherat I issued out.
Holding backward the steppes wher we had come
In the dark night, loking all round about.
In euery place the vgsome sightes I saw,
The silence selfe of night agast my spryte.
From hense againe I past vnto our house,
If she by chaunce had ben returned home.
The Grekes were there, and had it all beset
The wasting fire blown vp by dryft of wind,
Aboue the rooles the blazing flame sprang vp:
The sound wherof with furie pearst the skies
To Pryams palace and the Castel then
I made: and ther at Iunous sanctuair
In the void porches Phenix, Ulisses eke,
Sterne guardens stood watching of the spoile.
The richesse here were set rest from the brent
Temples of Troy: the table of the Gods,
The vessells eke that were of massy gold,
And vestures spoild, were gatherd all in heap:
The childzen orderly, and mothers pale for fright

Long

Long ranged on a rowe ſtode round about.
So bold was I to ſhowe my voice that night,
With clepes and cries to fill the ſtretes throughout.
With Creuſe name in ſorrow, with vain teres,
And often ſithes the ſame for to repete.
The town reſtleſſe with furie as I ſought,
Thunlucky figure of Creuſaes ghoſt,
Of ſtature more than wont, ſtood fore eyen.
Abaſhed then I wore: therwith my heare
Gan ſtart right vp: my voice ſtack in my throte:
When with ſuch words ſhe gan my hart remoue.
What helps to yeld vnto ſuch furious rage,
Swete ſpouſe: quod ſhe. Without wil of the gods
This chaunced not: ne lefull was for thee,
To lead away Creuſa henſe with thee.
The king of the hye heuen ſuffreth it not.
A long exile thou art aſſigned to bere,
Long to furrow large ſpace of ſtormy ſeas.
So ſhalt thou reach at laſt Heſperian land,
Wher Lidian Tiber with his gentle ſtreme
Wildly doth flow along the frutfull feldes.
There mirthful wealth, there kingdom is for thee,
There a kinges child prepared to be thy make.
For thy beloued Creuſa ſtint thy teres.
For now ſhal I not ſee the proud abodes
Of Myrmidons, nor yet of Dolopes;
Ne I a Troyan lady, and the wife
Vnto the ſonne of Venus the Goddeſſe,
Shall goe a ſlaue to ſerue the Grekiſh dames.
Me here the Gods great mother holdes.
And now farwell: and kepe in fathers breſt
The tender loue of thy yong ſon and myne.
This hauing ſaid ſhe left me all in teres,
And minding much to ſpeake: but ſhe was gone;
And ſuttly fled into the weightleſſe aire.
Thrise raught I with mine armes taccoll her neck:
Thrise did my handes vaine hold thimage eſcape:
Like nimble windes, and like the flieng dreame.
So night ſpent out, returne I to my feers:
And ther wondring I find together ſwarmd
A new nomber of mates, mothers, and men,

A rout exiled, a wreched multitude,
From eche where flockte together, preſt to paſſe,
With hart and goods, to what ſoeuer land
By ſliding ſeas me liſted them to lede.
And now roſe Lucifer aboue the ridge
Of iuſty Ide, and brought the dawning light.
The Grekes held thentries of the gates beſet:
Of help there was no hope. Then gaue I place,
Toke vp my ſire, and haſted to the h'll.

The fowrth boke of Virgiles Aenæis.

But now the wounded Quene, with heuy care,
Throughout the veines ſhe noriſheth the playe,
Surpriſed with blind flame, and to hir mind
Eancke reſort the proweſſe of the man,
And honour of his race: while in her breſt
Imprinted ſtack his wordes, and pictures forme.
Ne to her limmes care graunteth quiet reſt.
The next morow, with Phebus laump, the earth.
Alightned clere: and eke the dawning day
The ſhadowes dark gan from the poale remoue:
When all vnſound her ſiſter of like minde
Thus ſpake ſhe to: O ſiſter Ann, what dreames
Be theſe, that me tormented thus afray?
What new gueſt, is this that to our realm is come?
What one of chere: how ſtout of hart in armes?
Truly I think (ne vain is my beleſe)
Of Goddiſh race ſome offpring ſhold he be:
Cowardry nates hartes ſwarued out of kind.
He dryuen (Lord) with how hard deſtiny:
What battailes eke atchiued did he recount?
But that my mind is fixt vnmoueably,
Neuer with wight in wedlock ay to ioyne:
Sith my firſt loue me left by death diſſeuered,
If gemiall brands, and bed me lothed not,

To this one gilt perchaunce yet might I yeld.
Anne, for I graunt, sith wretched Sichees death
My spouse and house with brothers slaughter staind,
This onely man hath made my sences bend,
And pricked foorth the mind, that gan to slide,
Now feelingly I tast the steppes of mine old flame.
But first I wish, the earth me swalow down:
Or with thunder the mighty Lord me send
To the pale gostes of hel, and darknes deepe:
Ere I thee staine, shamefastnes, or thy lawes
He that with me first coppled, tooke away
My loue with him enioy it in his graue.
Thus did she say, and with suppressed teares
Bained her brest. wherto Anne thus replied:
O sister, dearer beloued then the lyght:
Thy youth alone in plaint still wilt thou spill?
Ne children sweete, ne Venus giftes wilt know?
Cinders (thinkest thou) mind this? or graued ghostes?
Time of thy doole thy spouse new dead, I graunt.
None might thee moue: no not the Libian king
Nor yet of Tire Iarbas set so light:
And other princes mo: whom the rich soile
Of affrick breedes, in honours triumphant,
Wilt thou also gainstand thy liked loue
Comes not to mind vpon whoes land thou dwelst.
On this side, loe the Getule town behold,
A people bold vnuanquished in warre,
Eke the vndaunted Numides compasse thee
Also the Sirtes, vnfrendly harborough:
On thother hand, a desert realme for thrust
The Barceans, whose fury stretcheth wide.
What shall I touch the warres that moue from Tire?
Or yet thy brothers threates?
By gods purueiaunce it blewe, and Iunos helpe,
The Troiaynes shippes (I think) to runn this course
Sister, what town shalt thou see this become?
Through such allie how shal our kingdom rise?
And by the aid of Troiane armes how great?
How many waies shal Cartages glorie growe?
Thou onely now beseech the Gods of grace
By sacrifice: which ended, to thy house

Receue him: and forge causes of abode:
Whiles winter fretted the seas, and watry Orion,
The shippes shaken, vnfrendly the season.
Such wordes enflamed the kindled mind with loue,
Loosed al shame, and gaue the doubtfull hope,
And to the temples first they hast, and seeke,
By sacrifice for grace, with Hogreles of two yeares
Chosen (as ought) to Ceres, that gaue lawes,
To Phebus, Bachus, and to Juno chiefe,
Which hath in care the bandes of mariage.
Faire Dido held in her right hand the cup
Which twixt the hornes of a white Cowe she shed
In presence of the Gods passing before
The aulters fatte, which she renewed oft
With giftes that day, and beastes debowled:
Gasing for counsell on the entrales warme.
Ay me, vnskilfull mindes of prophesy
Temples, or vowes, what boote they in her rage?
A gentle flame the mary doth deuoure:
Whiles in the brest the silent wound keepes life,
Unhappy Dido burns, and in her rage
Throughout the town she wandreth vp and down:
Like the stricken hinde with shaft, in Crete
Throughout the woods which chasing with his dartes,
Aloofe, the Shepheard smiteth at vnwares
And leaues vnwist in her the thirling head:
That through the groues, and landes glides in her flight:
Amid whose side the mortall arrow stickes,
Aeneas now about the walles she leades,
The towne prepared, and Cartage welth to shew,
Offring to speak, amid her voice, she whistes,
And when the day gan faile, new feastes she makes
The Troies trauales to heare a new she listes
Inraged al: and stareth in his face
That tels the tale. And when they were al gone:
And the dimme moue doth eft withold the light:
And sliding starres prouoked vnto sleepe:
Alone she mournes within her palace voide:
And sets her down on her forsaken bed.
And absent him she heares, when he is gone,
And seeth eke: oft in her lappe she holdes
Ascanius, trapt by his fathers forme:

So to begile the loue cannot be told.
The turrettes now arise not, erſt begonne,
Neither the youth weldes armes, nor they auaunce
The portes: nor other mete defence for warr.
Broken there hang the worckes and mighty frames
Of walles high raiſed, threatning the ſkie.
Whom aſſoone as Ioues deare wife ſawe infect
With ſuch a plage, ne fame reſiſt the rage:
Saturnes daughter thus burdes Uenus then.
Great praiſe (quod ſhe) and worthy ſpoiles you win.
you and your ſon, great Gods of memory,
By both your wiles one woman to deuower.
yet am not I deceiued, that foreknew
ye dread our walles, and bildinges gan ſuſpect
Of high Cartage. But what ſhalbe the ende:
Or wherunto now ſerueth ſuch debate:
But rather peace, and bridale bandes knit we,
Sith thou haſt ſpede of that, thy heart deſired,
Dido doth burne with loue, rage fretes her boones
This people now as common to vs both,
With equal fauour let vs gouerne then,
Lefull be it to ſerue a Troian ſpouſe:
And Tirianes yeld to thy right hand in dowre.
To whom Uenus replied thus: that knewe,
Her wordes proceded from a fained minde,
To Libian coaſtes to turne thempire from Rome,
What wight ſo fond, ſuch offer to refuſe:
Or yet with thee had leuer ſtriue in warr:
So be it fortune thy tale bring to effect,
But deſtenies I dout: leaſt Ioue nill graunt,
That folke of Tire, and ſuch as came from Troie,
Should hold one town: or graunt theſe nacions
Mingled to be, or ioyned ay in leage.
Thou at his wife: lefull it is for the
For to attempt his fantſie by requeſt:
Paſſe on before and folow thy I ſhall:
Quene Iuno then thus tooke her tale againe:
This trauaile be it mine: but by what meane.
(Marke in fewe wordes I ſhal thee ietne effſones)
This worke in hand may now be compaſſed.
Eneas nowe, and wretched Dido eke

To the forest, a hunting minde to wende,
To morne as soon as Titan shall ascend,
And with his beames hath ouerspred the world,
And whiles the wings of youth do swarm about.
And whiles they raunge to ouer set the groues
A cloudie showr mingled with haile I shall
Poure down, and then with thonder shake the skies,
Thassemble scattered the mist shall cloke,
Dido a caue, the Troyan prince the same
Shall enter to: and I will be at hand.
And if thy will sticke vnto mine: I shall
In wedlocke sure knit, and make her his own,
Thus shall the maryage be: to whose request
Without debate Venus did seme to yeld,
And smyled soft, as she that found the wyle.
Then from the seas, the dawning gan arise,
The Sun once vp, the chosen youth gan throng
Out at the gates: the hayes so rarely knit,
The hunting staues with their brod heads of steele
And of Massile the horsemen fourth they brake
Of senting hounds a kenel huge likewise.
And at the th:eshold of her chaumber doze,
The Carthage Lords did on the Quene attend.
The trampling steede with gold and purple trapt,
Chawing the fomie bit, there fercely stood.
Then issued she, awayted with great train,
Clad in a cloke of Tyze embraidzed riche.
Her quyuer hung behinde her back, her tresse
Knotted in gold, her purple vesture eke
Burned with gold, the Troyans of her train
Before her go, with gladsom Iulus.
Aeneas eke the goodliest of the route
Makes one of them, and ioyneth close the throngs:
Like when Apollo leaueth Lycia,
His wintring place, and Xanthus floods likewise:
To visit Deios his mothers mansion:
Repairing eft and furnishing her quire
The Candians, and folkes of Driopes,
With painted Agathyrsses shoute, and crye:
Enuironing the altars roundabout
When that he walks vpon mount Cynthus top:

His sparkled tresse repriest with garlandes soft
Of tender leaues, and trussed vp in gold:
His quiuering dartes clattring behinde his back:
So fresh and lustie did Eneas seme:
Such lordly port in present countenaunce.
But to the hils, and wilde holtes when they came:
From the rocks top the driuen sauage rose,
Loe from the hill aboue on thother side,
Through the wyde lawnds, they gan to take their course
The harts likewise, in troupes taking their flight,
Raysing the dust, the mountain fast forsake.
The childe Iulus, blithe of his swift steede
Amids the plain now pricks by them, now thes:
And to encounter wisheth oft in minde
The foming Bore in steede of fierefull beasts,
Or Lion brown might from the hill descend.
In the meane while the skies gan rumble sore:
In tayle therof, a mingled show with hayle.
The Tyrian folk, and eke the Troyans youth,
And Venus nephew the cotage: for feare
Sought round about: the floods fell from the hils.
Dido a den, the Troyan prince the same,
Chaunced vpon. Our mother then the earth,
And Iuno that hath charge of mariage,
First tokens gaue with burning gledes of flame,
And priuie to the wedlock lightning skies:
And the Nymphes yelled from the mountains top.
Ay me, this was the first day of their mirth,
And of their harmes the first occasion eke.
Respect of fame no longer her withholdes:
Nor museth now to frame her loue by stelth.
Wedlock she cals it: vnder the pretence
Of which fayre name she cloketh now her faut.
Forthwith Fame flieth through the great Libian townes:
A mischefe Fame, there is none els so swift:
That mouing growes, and flitting gathers force:
First small for dred, soone after climes the skies:
Stayeth on earth; and hides her hed in cloudes.
Whom our mother the earth, tempted by wrath
Of Gods, begat: the last sister (they write)
To Caeus, and to Enceladus eke,

Swedis

Spedie of foote, of wyng likewise as swift,
A monster huge, and dredfull to describe.
In euery plume, that on her body sticks,
(A thing in dede much maruelous to heare)
As many waker eyes lurk vnderneath,
So many mouthes to speake, and listning eares.
By night she flies amid the cloudie skie,
Shryking by the darke shadow of the earth,
Ne doth decline to the swete sleepe her eyes.
By day she sits to mark on the house top,
Or turrets hye, and the great towns afraies,
As mindefull of pil'and lyes, as blasing truth.
This monster blithe with many a tale gan sow
This rumor then into the common eares:
As well things don as that was neuer wrought:
As that there comen is to Tyrians court
Aeneas one outsprong of Troyan blood
To whom fair Dido wold her self be wed.
And that the while the winter long they passe
In foule delight, forgetting charge of reigne,
Led against honour with vnhoneſt lust.
This in eche mouth, the filthie Goddesse spreds,
And takes her course to king Hiarbas straight
Kindling his minde: with tales she feedes his wrath.
Gotten was he by Ammon Iupiter
Vpon the rauisht Nimph of Garamant.
In hundred hugie great temples be built,
In his farre stretching realmes, to Iupiter.
Altars as many kept with waking flame,
A watche alwayes vpon the Gods to tend.
The floores embrude with yelded blood of beastes,
And threshold spred with garlands of strange hue.
He wood of minde, kindled by bitter brute,
To fore thaltars, in presence of the Gods,
With reared hands gan humbly Ioue entreate,
Almighty God whom the Moores nacion
Fed at rich tables presenteth with wine,
Seest thou these things? or feare we thee in vaine
When thou letteſt flye thy thonder from the cloudes?
Or do those flames with vaine noyse vs affray?
A woman that wandring in our coastes hath bought

A plot for price: where the a citie set:
To whom we gaue the strond for to manure.
And lawes to rule her town: our wedlock lothed,
Hath chose Eneas to commaund her realme.
That Paris now with his vnmanly sorte,
With mitred hats, with oynted bush and beard:
His rape enioyth: whiles to thy temples we
Our offrings bring, and folow rumors vaine,
Whom praing in such sort, and griping eke
The altars fast, the mighty father heard:
And writhed his loke toward the royal walls
And louers eke forgetting their good name,
To Mercurie then gaue he thus in charge.
Hense son in hast, and call to thee the windes.
Slide with thy plumes, and tell the Troyan prince,
That now in Carthage loytreth, rechlesse
Of the towns graunted him by destiny:
Swift through the skies, see thow these words conuey.
His faire mother behight him not to vs
Such one to be: ne therefore twyse him saued
From Grekish arms: but such a one
As mete might seme great Italie to rule
Dreedfull in arms, charged with seignorie,
Shewing in proke his worthy Teucrian race.
And vnder lawes, the whole world to subdue.
If glorie of such things nought him enflame:
Ne that he listes seke honour by som paine:
The towers yet of Rome being his sire
Doth he enuie to yong Ascanius?
What mindeth he to frame? or on what hope
In enmies land doth he make hys abode?
Ne his offpring in Italie regardes?
Ne yet the land of Lauin doth behold?
Bid him make sayle: haue here the sum and end
Our message thus report. When Ioue had sayd
Then Mercurie gan, bend him to obey
His mightie fathers will: and to his heeles
His golden wings he knits, which him transport
with a light winde aboue the earth, and seas.
And then with him his wande he toke, whereby
He calles from hell pale gostes: and other soms

Thether also he sendeth comfortlesse.
Wherby he forceth sleepes, and them bereues,
And mortall eies he closeth vp in deth:
By power wherof he driues the windes away.
And passeth eke amid the troubled cloudes.
Till in his slight he gan descrie the top,
And the stepe flankes of rocky Atlas hill:
That with his crowne susteines the welkin vp:
Whose head forgrowen, with pine, circled alway,
With misty cloudes, beaten, with wind and stormes:
His shoulders spred with snow, and from his chin
The springes descend: his beard frosen with yse.
Here Mercury with equal shining winges
First touched, and with body headling bette:
To the water thend tooke he his discent,
Like to the foule, that endlong costes and strondes
Swarming with fysh, flyes sweping by the sea:
Cutting betwixt the windes and Libian landes,
From his graundfather by the mothers side,
Cillenes child so came, and then alight
Vpon the houses with his winged feete.
To fore towers, wher he Aeneas saw
Foundacions cast, arering lodges new.
Girt with a sweard of Jasper starry bright:
A shining parel flameed with stately eie
Of Tirian purple hong his shoulders down
The gift and work of wealthy Didoes hand
Stripped throughout with a thin thred of gold,
Thus he encounters him: Oh careles wight
Both of thy realme, and of thine own affaires:
A wifebound man now dost thou reare the walles
Of high Cartage, to build a goodly town.
From the bright skies the ruler of the Gods
Sent me to thee, that with his beck commaundes
Both heuen and earth: in hast gaue me charge
Through the light aire this message thee to say.
What framest thou? or on what hope thy time
In idlenes doth wast in Affrick land?
Of so great things, if nought the fame thee stirr,
Ne list by trauaile honour to pursue:
Ascanius yet, that wareth fast behold,

And the hope of Iulus seede thine heir:
To whom the realme of Italy belonges,
And soile of Rome. When Mercury had said:
Amid his tale far of from mortall eies
Into light aire, he vanisht out of sight.
Aeneas with that vision striken down,
Well nere bestraught, vpstart his heare for dread,
Amid his throtal his voice likewise gan stick.
For to depart by night he longeth now,
And the sweet land to leaue, astoined sore
With this aduise, and message of the Gods.
What may he do, alas: or by what words
Dare he persuade the raging Quene in loue:
Or in what sort may he his tale beginne:
Now here now there his reckelesse minde gan run,
And diuersly him drawes discoursing all.
After long doutes this sentence semed best:
Mnestheus first, and strong Cloanthus eke
He calles to him, with Sergest: vnto whom
He gaue in charge his naue secretly
For to prepare, and driue to the sea coast
His people, and their armour to addresse:
And for the cause of change to faine excuse:
And that he, when good Dido least forsknew,
Or did suspect so great a loue could break,
Wold wait his time to speke therof most meete:
The nearest way to hasten his entent.
Gladly his wil, and biddings they obey.
Ful soone the Quene, this crafty sleight gan smell,
(Who can deceiue a louer in forecast:)
And first foresaw the motions for to come,
Things most assured fearing: vnto whom
That wicked fame reported, how to flight
Was armde the fleet all redy to auale.
Then ill beseed of counsell rageth she:
And whisketh through the town like Bachus nunne,
As Thias stirres, the sacred rites begon,
And when the wonted third yeres sacrifice
Doth prick her fourth, hering Bachus name hallowed:
And that the festful night of Citheron

Doth call her fourth with noyes of dauncing
At length her self boordeth Eneas thus.
Unfaithfull wight, to couer such a fault
Coldest thou hope? vnwist to leue my land?
Not thee our loue, nor yet right hand betrothed,
Ne cruell death of Dido may withhold?
But that thou wilt in winter shippes prepare,
And trie the seas in broile of whorling windes?
What if the land thou seekest, were not straunge?
If not vnknowen? or auncient Troye yet stoode?
In rough seas, yet should Troye towne be sought?
Shunnest thou me? By these teares, and right hand,
(For nought eis haue I wretched lefte my self)
By our spousals and mariage begonne,
If I of thee deserued euer well
Or thing of mine were euer to thee leefe:
Rue on this realme, whoes ruine is at hand?
If ought be left that prater may auaile,
I thee beseche to do away this minde.
The Libians and tirans of Nomadane
For thee me hate: my Tirians eke for thee
Ar wroth: by thee my shamefastnes eke stained,
And good renoumme, wherby vp to the starres
Perelesse I clame. To whom wilt thou me leaue,
Redy to dye, my swete guest? sithe this name
Is all as now, that of a spouse remaines.
But wherto now shold I prolong my death?
What? vntil my brother Pigmalion
Beate downe my walles? or the Getulian king
Hiarbas yet captiue lead me away?
Before thy flight a child had I ones borne,
Or sene a yong Eneas in my court
Play vp and down, that might present thy face:
All vtterly I could not seeme forsaken.
Thus sayd the Quene: he to the Gods aduise
Unmoued held his eies, and in his brest
Represt his care, and stroue against his wil.
And these few wordes at last then forth he cast:
Neuer shall I denie (Quene) thy deserte,
Greater than thou in wordes may well expresse:
To think on thes, ne-trike me aye it shall

Whyles of my selfe I shall haue memory,
And whiles the spirit these Limmes of mine shal rule,
For present purpose somwhat shal I say.
Neuer ment I to clok the same by stelth
Sclaunder me not, ne to escape by flight,
Nor I to thee pretended mariage:
Ne hyther cam to ioine men such leage.
If destiny at mine own liberty
To lead my life would haue haue permitted me
After my wil my sorow to redoub:
Troy and the remainder of our folke
Restore I shold: and with these scaped handes,
The walles againe vnto thee vanquished,
And palace high of Priam eke repaire.
But now Apollo, called Grineus,
And prophecies of Licia me aduise
To seale vpon the realme of Italy.
That is my loue, my country, and my land.
If Cartage turrettes thee Phenician borne.
And of a Libian town the sight deteine:
To vs Troians why doest thou then enuy
In Italy to make our risting seat:
Lefull is eeke for vs straunge realmes to seeke.
As oft as night doth cloke with shadowes darke
The earth: as oft as flaming starres apere:
The troubled ghost of my father Anchises
So oft in sleepe doth fray me, and aduise,
The wronged hed by me of my deare sonne,
Whom I defraud of the Hilperian crown,
And landes allotted him by destiny.
The messenger eke of the Gods but late
Sent down from Ioue (I sware by eyther hed)
Passing the ayre, did this to me report.
In bright day light the God my selfe I saw
Entre these walles, and with these eares him heard.
Leue then with plaint, to vexe both the and me.
Against my will to Italy I go.
Whiles in this sort he did his tale pronounce,
With waiward looke she gan him ay behold,
And roling eies, that moued to and fro:
With silence looke discourling ouer al,

And foorth in rage, at last thus gan she brayde,
Faithlesse, forswoin, ne Goddesse was thy dam,
Nor Dardanus begunner of thy race,
But of hard rockes mount Caucase monstruous
Bred thee, and teates of Tyger gaue thee suck.
But what should I dissemble now my chere?
Or me reserue to hope of greater things?
Windes he our teares? or euer moued his eyen?
Wept he for ruth? or pitied he our loue?
What shall I set before? or where begin?
Iuno nor Ioue with iust eyes this beholds.
Faith is no where in suretie to be found.
Did I not him thrown vp vpon my shore
In neede receiue, and fonded eke inuest
Of halfe my realme; his nauie lost, repair?
From deathes daunger his fellowes eke defend?
Ay me, with rage and furies loe I driue.
Apollo now, now Lycian prophesies,
Another while the messenger of Gods
(He sayes) sent down from mighty Ioue himself
The dredfull charge amid the skies hath brought.
As though that were the traual of the Gods,
Or such a care their quietnes might moue.
I hold thee not, nor yet gainsay thy words,
To Italie passe on by helpe of windes,
And through the floods go searche thy kingdom new.
If ruthfull Gods haue any power, I trust,
Amid the rocks, thy guerdon thou shalt finde,
when thou shalt clepe full oft on Didos name,
With burial brandes I absent shall thee chase,
And when cold death from life these lims deuides,
Wy gost eche where shall still on thee awaite,
Thou shalt abye, and I shall here thereof.
Among the soules below thy brute shall come.
With such like wordes she cut of half her tale,
With pensiue hart abandoning the light:
And from his sight, her self gan farre remout:
Forsaking him: that many things in fere
Imagened, and did prepare to say.
Her wouning lims her damsels gan releue,
And to her chamber bare of marble stone:

And layd her on her bed with tapets spred.
But iust Aeneas, though he did desire
With confort swet her sorows to appease,
And with his words to banish all her care,
Wailing her much, with great loue ouercome:
The Gods will yet he woorketh, and resortes
Vnto his naue, where the Troyans fast
Fell to their worke from the shore to vnstock
High rigged ships: now fleetes the talowed kele,
Their oares with leaues yet grene from wood they bring,
And mastes vnshaue, for hast to take their flight.
You might haue sene them throng out of the town
Like ants, when they do spoile the bing of corne,
For winters dred, which they beare to their den:
When the black swarm creeps ouer all the fields:
And thwart the grasse by strait pathes drags their pray,
The great graines then, som on their shoulders trusse,
Some driue the troupe, som chastice eke the slow:
That with their trauaile chafed is eche pathe.
Beholding this, what thought might Dido haue?
What sighes gaue she: when from her towers hye
The large coasts she saw haunted with Troyans worke,
And in her sight the seas with din confounded.
O witlesse loue, what thing is that to do
A mortal minde thou canst not forces therto?
Forced she is to teares ay to returne,
With new requestes, to yeld her hart to loue:
And least she should before her causeless death
Leaue any thing vntried: O sister Anne
Quoth she, behold the whole coast round about,
How they prepare assembled euery where.
The stremyng sailes abiding but for wynde:
The shipmen crowne their ships with bowes for ioy,
O sister, if so great a sorow I
Mistrusted had: it were more light to beare,
Yet nathelesse this for me wretched wight,
Anne, shalt thou do: for faithles, thee alone
He reuerenced, thee eke his secretes tolde:
The meetest time thou knowest to borde the man:
To my proude foe, thus suster humbly say:
I with the grekes within the port Iulus.

Con-

Conſured not the Troyans to deſtroy:
Nor to the walles of Troy yet ſent my fleetes:
Nor cynders of his father Anchiſes
Diſturbed haue out of his ſepulture.
Why lettes he not my wordes ſinke in his eares
So harde to ouertreate: whither whirles he?
This laſt boone yet graunt he to wretched loue
Proſperous windes for to depart with eaſe.
Let him abide: the forelayde mariage now.
That he betraied, I do not him require:
Nor that he ſhould faire Italy forgo.
Neither I would, he ſhould his kingdom leaue:
Quiet I aſke, and a time of delay,
And reſpite eke my furye to aſſwage,
Till my miſhap teach me all comfortleſſe.
How for to waylewy griefe. This latter grace.
Siſter I craue, haue thou remorſe of me,
Whiche if thou ſhalt vouchſafe, with heapes I ſhall
Leaue by my death redoubled vnto thee.
Woiſted with teares, thus wretched gan ſhe playne:
Which Anne reporters, and anſwere bringes againe.
Nought teares him moue, ne yet to any wordes
He can be framed with gentle minde to yelde,
The werdes withſtande, & God ſtops his meke eares.
Like to the aged boyſtrous bodied oke,
The which among the alpes, the Northerne windes,
Blowyng now from this quarter, now from that,
Betwixt them ſtriue to ouerwhelme with blaſtes,
The whiſtlyng ayre among the braunches roares,
Which all at once bow to the earth her croppes,
The ſtocke once ſmit: whiles in the rockes the tree
Stickes faſt: and loke, how hye to the heauen her toppe
Reares vp, ſo deepe her roote ſpredes downe to hell:
So was this Lorde now here now there beſet
With wordes, in whoſe ſtoute breſt wrought many cares,
But ſtill his minde in one remaines, in vaine
The teares were ſhed. Then Dido frayde of fates
Wiſheth for death, irked to ſee the ſkyes.
And that ſhe might the rather worke her will,
And leaue the light (a grieſely thyng to tell)
Vpon the altars burnyng full of cenſe

When she set giftes of sacrifice, she saw
The holy water stocks waxe blacke within,
The wine eke shed, chaunge into filthy gore.
This she to none, not to her sister told.
A marble temple in her palace eke,
In memory of her old spouse, there stood,
In great honour and worship, which she held,
With snowwhite clothes deckt, and with bows of feast,
Wherout was heard, her husbandes voyce, and speche
Cleping for her, when darke night hid the earth,
And oft the Owle with rufull song complaind,
From the house top drawing long dolefull tunes.
And many things forespoke by prophets past
With dredfull warning gan her now affray:
And stern Eneas semed in her slepe
To chase her still about, distraught in rage:
And still her thought, that she was left alone
Uncompanied great vtages to wende.
In desert land her Tyrian folk to seeke.
Like Pentheus, that in his madnes saw
Swarming in flocks the furies all of hell:
Two Suns remoue, and Thebes town shew twain.
Or like Orestes Agamemnons son:
In tragedies who represented ape
Driuen about, that from his mother fled
Armed with brands, and eke with serpents blacke:
That sitting found within the temples porche
The vglie furies his slaughter to reuenge.
Pelden to wo, when phitrille had her raught,
Within her selfe then gan she well debate,
Full bent to dye, the time, and eke the meane:
And to her wofull sister thus she sayd,
In outward chere dissembling her entent,
Presenting hope vnder a semblant glad:
Sister reioyce, for I haue found the way
Him to returne, or lose me from his loue.
Toward the end of the great Ocean flood
Where as the wandring Sun discendeth hence:
In the extremes of Ethiope is a place,
Where huge Atlas doth on his sholders turne
The sphere so rund with flaming starres beset,

Borne of Massyle, I heare should be a Nunne
That of the Hesperian sisters temple old
And of their goodly garden keper was
That geues vnto the Dragon eke his foode,
That on the tree preserues the holy fruit
That honie moyst, and sleping poppey casts,
This woman doth auaunt, by force of charme
what hart she list to set at libertie:
And other some to perce with heuy cares:
In running flood to stop the waters course:
And eke the sterres their meuings to reuerse:
Tassemble eke, the gostes that walk by night,
Under thy feete, thearth thou shalt behold
Tremble and roze, the okes come from the hill.
The Gods and thee, dere sister now I call
In witnes, and thy hed to me so sweete:
To magike artes against my will I bend.
Right secretly within our inner court.
In open ayze reare vp a stack of wood:
And hang theron the weapon of this man
The which he left within my chamber stick.
His weedes dispoiled all, and bridal bed,
Wherein alas sister, I found my bane,
Charge thereupon, for so the Nunne commaundes,
To do away, what did to him belong,
Of that false wight that might remembraunce bring.
Then whisted she, the pale her face gan staine,
Ne could yet Anne beleue, her sister ment
To cloke her death by this new sacrifice:
Nor in her brest such furie did conceiue,
Neither doth she now dred more greuous thing,
Then folowed Sichees death: wherfore
She put her will in vre. But then the Quene
When that the stak of wood was reared vp,
Under the ayze within the inward court
with clouen oke, and billets made of fyzre,
With garlandes, she doth all beset the place,
And with grene bowes eke crown the funerall.
And therupon his wedes and sword yleft
And on a bed his picture she bestowes:
As she that well forezeknew what was to come.

The altars stande about, and eke the Nunne
With sparkeled tresse, the which thre hundred Gods
With a loude voice doth thunder out at once:
Erebus the grikely, and Chaos huge,
And eke the threefolde Goddesse, Hecate
And three faces of Diana the virgin,
And sprinkcles eke the water counterfet
Like vnto blacke Auernus lake in hell:
And springyng herbes reaped vp with braken sithes
Were sought after the right course of the Moone,
The venim blacke intermingled with milke,
The lumpe of flesh twene the new borne foales eyen
To reue, that winneth from the dãme her loue,
She with the mole all in her handes deuout
Stode neare the auiter, bare of the one foote,
With vesture loose, the bandes vnlaced all,
Went for to dye, cals the Gods to recorde,
And gilty starres eke of her destiny.
And if there were any God that had care
Of louers hartes not moued with loue alike,
Him she requires of iustice to remember.
It was then night, the sounde and quiet slepe
Had through the earth the wearied bodyes caught,
The woodes, the ragyng seas were faine to rest,
When that the starres had halfe their course declined,
The feldes whilst, beastes, and fowles of diuers hue,
And what so that in the brode lakes remainde,
Or yet among the bushy thickes of bryar,
Laide downe to slepe by silence of the night
Gan swage their cares, mindlesse of trauels past.
Not so the spirite of this Phenician:
Unhappy she that on no slepe could chance,
Nor yet nightes rest enter in eye or brest.
Her cares redoble: loue doth rise and rage againe,
And ouerflowes with swellyng stormes of wrath.
Thus thinkes she then, this roules she in her minde,
What shall I do? shall I now beare the scorne
For to assaye mine olde woers againe?
And humbly yet a Numid spouse require?
Whose mariage I haue so oft disdayned?
The Troyan nauy, and Teucrian vile commaundes

Folow shall I as thongh it shoulde auaile,
That whilom by my helpe they were relieued:
Or forbecause with kinde, and mindefull folke
Right well doth sit the passed thankefull dede:
Who would me suffer: (admit this were my will)
Or me forced to their proude shippes receiue:
Oh, wo begone: full little knowest thou yet,
The broken othes of Laomedons kinde.
What then: alone on mery Mariners
Shall I waite: or borde them with my power:
Of Tyrians assembled me about:
And such as I with trauaile brought from Tyre,
Drive to the seas, and force them sayle againe:
But rather dye, euen as thou hast deserued:
And to this wo, with iron geue thou ende:
And thou sister first vanquisht with my teares,
Thou in my rage with all these mischiefes first
Didst burden me, and yelde me to my foe.
Was it not graunted me from spousals free,
Like to wilde beastes, to line without offence,
Without taste of such cares: is there no fayth,
Reserued to the cinders of Sychee?
Such great complaints brake forth out of her brest:
Whiles Aeneas full minded to depart,
All thinges prepared, slept in the poupe on high.
To whom in slepe the wonted Goddeds forme
Gan aye appere, returnyng in like shape
As semed him: and gan him thus adwise:
Like vnto Mercury in voyce, and hue,
With yelow bushe, and comely lymmes of youth.
O Goddesse sonne, in such case canst thou sleepe?
Ne yet beskraught the daungers doest forsee,
That copasse thee: nor hearst the faire windes blowe?
Dido in minde roules vengeance and deceite,
Determd to dye, swelles with wnstable ire,
Wilt thou not flee whiles thou hast time of flight?
Straight shalt thou see the seas couered with sayles,
The blasyng brandes, the shore all spred with flame,
And if the morow scale vpon thee here:
Come of, haue done, set all delay aside.
For full of change these women be alwey.

This sayd, in the dark night he gan him hide.
Aeneas of this sodain vision
Adred starts vp out of his sleepe in hast,
Cals vp his feers: awake get vp my men,
Aboord your ships, and hoyse vp sayl with speede,
(A God me wills sent from aboue againe)
To hast my flight, and writhen cabels cut.
Oh holy God, what so thow art we shall
Folow thee, and all blithe obey thy will:
Be at our hand, and frendly vs assist:
Adresse the sterres with prosperous influence.
And with that word his glittering sword vnshethes,
With which drawen, he the cabels cut in twaine.
The like desire the rest embraced all,
All thing in hast they cast, and fourth they whurle,
The shores they leaue, with ships the seas ar spred,
Cutting the fome, by the blew seas they swepe.
Auroza now from Titans purple bed,
With new day light hath ouerspred the earth,
When by her windowes the Quene the peping day
Espyed, and naue with splaid sailes depart
The shoze, and eke the pozte of vessels voyde:
Her comly brest thzise oz foure times she smote
with her own hand, and toze her golden tresse.
Oh Ioue (quoth she) shall he then thus depart
A straunger thus, and scozne our kingdome so?
Shall not my men do on theyr armure pzest?
And eke pursue them throughout all the town?
Out of the rode sone shall the vessell warpe.
Hast on, cast flame, set sayle. and welde your owers.
What said I: but where am I? what phzenzie
Alters thy minde? vnhappy Dido now
Hath thee beset a froward destenie.
Then it behoued, when thou didst geue to him
The scepter. So his faith and his right hand,
That leades wit h him (they say) his countrie goodes,
That on his back his aged father boze,
His body might I not haue caught and rent?
And in the seas drenched him. and his feers?
And from Ascanius his life with Iron reft,
And set him on his fathers boord foz meate?

Of such debate perchaunce the fortune might
Haue bene doutfull: would God it were assaied.
Whom should I feare, sith I my selfe must die?
Might I haue throwen into that nauy brandes,
And filled eke their deckes with flaming fire,
The father, sonne, and all their nacion
Destroied, and fallu my self ded ouer al.
Sunne with thy beames, that mortall workes diseries,
And thou Juno, that wel these trauailes knowest,
Proserpine thou, vpon whom folk do vse
To houle, and call in forked waies by night,
Infernal furies, ye wreakers of wrong,
And Didos Gods, who standes at point of death,
Receiue these wordes, and eke your heauy power
Withdraw from me, that wicked folk deserue,
And our request accept, we you beseche.
If so that yonder wicked head must needes
Recouer port, and saile to land of force
And if Joues will haue so resolued it,
And such ende set as no wight can fordoe,
yet at the least assailed mought he be
With armes, and warres of hardy nacions,
From the boundes of his kingdom farre exiled,
Julus eberashed out of his armes
Driuen to call for helpe, that he may see
The guiltesh corpses of his folke lie dead:
And after hard condicions of peace,
His realme, nor life desired may he brooke:
But fall before his time vngraued amid the sandes.
This I require, these wordes with blood I shed.
And Trians, ye his flocke and all his race
Pursue with hate, rewarde our cinders so.
No loue nor leage, betwixt our peoples be,
And of our bones, some wreaker may there spring,
With sword and flame that Troius may pursue:
And from hencefoorth when that our powr may stretch,
Our coastes to them contrary be for aye,
I craue of God, and our streames to their fluddes,
Armes vnto armes, and offspring of eche race
With mortal warr eche other may fordoe
This said, her mind she writhed on al sides,

Seking with spede to end her irksome life.
To Sichees nurse Barcen then thus she said
(For hers at home in ashes did remaine)
Cal vnto me(deare nurse)my sister Anne:
Bid her, in hast in water of the rudde
She sprinckle the body, and bring the beastes,
And purging sacrifice, I did her shewe:
So let her come:and thou thy temples bind
With sacred garlandes: for the sacrifice,
That I to Pluto haue begonne, my mind
Is to herforme, and geue end to these cares:
And Troian statue throw into the flame.
When she had said, redouble gan her nurse
Her steppes, forth on an aged womans trot.
But trembling Dido egerly now bent
Vpon her sterne determination,
Her bloodshot eies roling within her head:
Her quiuering chekes flecked with deadly staine,
Both pale and wan to think on death to come,
Into the inward wardes of her palace
She rusheth in, and clam vp, as distraught,
The buriall stack, and drew the Troian swerd
Her gift sometime, but ment to no such vse.
Where when she saw his weed, and w l knowen bed,
Weping a while in study gan she stay,
Fell on the bed, and these last words she said.
Swete spoiles, whiles God and destenies it wold,
Receue this sprite, and rid me of these cares.
I liued and ranne the course, fortune did graunt,
And vnder earth my great gost now shall wende,
A goodly town I built, and saw my walles:
Happy, alas to happy, if these costes
The Troyan shippes had neuer touched aye.
This said, she laid her mouth close to the bed:
Why then(quoth she)vnwroken shal we die?
But let vs die for thus: and in this sort
It liketh vs to seeke the shadowes darck.
And from the seas the cruel Troyans eies
Shall wel discern this flame, and take with him
Eke these vnlucky tokens of my death.
As she had said, her damsell might perceue

Her with these wordes sat pearced on a sword,
The blade embrued and hands besprent with goze
The clamor rang vnto the pallace toppe,
The brute ranne throughout al the stoned towne,
With wailing great, and womens shril yelling,
The rookes gan roare, the aire resound with plaint.
As though Cartage, or thauncient town of Tyre
With preasle of entred enemies swarmed full,
Or when the rage of furious flame doth take
The temples toppes, and mansiõs eke of men.
Her sister Anne, spriteleslle for dread to heare
This fearefull sturre, with nailes gan teare her face,
She smote her brest, and rushed through the rout:
And her dieng she cleapes thus by her name:
Sister, for this with craft did you me bourd?
The stak, the flame, the altars, bred they this?
what shall I first complaine, forsaken wight?
Lothest thou in death thy sisters felowship?
Thou shouldst haue calld me to like destiny:
One wo, one sword, one houre mought end vs both.
This funerall stak built I with these handes,
And with this voice cleped our native Gods,
And cruel so absentest me from thy death?
Destroyd thou hast (sister) both thee and me,
Thy people eke, and princes borne of Tyre.
Geue, here I shall with water washe her woundes,
And suck with mouth her breath, if ought be left.
This said, vnto the high degrees shee mounted,
Embrasing fast her sister now half dead,
With wailefull plaint: whom in her lap she layd,
The black swart goze wiping dry with her clothes.
But Dido strriueth to lift vp againe
Her heauy eyen, and hath no power therto:
Deepe in her brest, that fired wound doth gape.
Thrise leaning on her elbow gan she raise
Her self, vpward: and thrise she ouerthrewe
Vpon the bed: ranging with wandring eies
The skies for light, and wept when she it found.
Almighty Juno hauing ruth by this
Of her long paines, and eke her lingring death,
From heauen she sent the Goddesse Iris downe,

The

The throwing spitt, and iointed limmes to loose,
For that neither by lot of destiny,
Nor yet by kindly death she perished:
But wretchedly before her fatall day,
And kindled with a lodein rage of blame:
Proserpine had not from her head bereft
The golden heare, nor iudged her to hell.
The dewye Iris thus with golden wings,
A thousand hues shewing against the sunne,
Amid the skies then did she flye adowne:
On Didos head, where as she gan a light:
This heare (quod she) to Pluto consecrate.
Commaunded I reue, and thy spirit vnlooke.
From this body: and when she thus had said,
With her right hand she cut the heare in twaine:
And therwith al the kindly heat gan quench:
And into wind the life foorthwith resolue.

Finis.

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